VOL. 3 NO. 72.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

MAY 11,

1861.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MOTHER.

Mother—"BENJAMIN THEE IS GOING TO THE WARS—WILL THEE NOT LET THEE THOUGHTS COME HOME SOMETIMES?"
Benjamin—"YEA MOTHER."
Mother—"AND, BENJAMIN—THEE IS GOING TO THE WARS—WILL THEE NOT LET THEE BAYONET GO HOME ALWAYS?"
Benjamin—"YEA MOTHER—YEA."

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PUBLISHER FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

SO REPORTED.

IF good news can make people happy, then the Seceders must be continually in a tip-top-most state of felicitude. Wherever it comes from, or whoever makes it, one thing is certain, that they Get It—and the very best of it at that.

Thus within a week they have learned

That OLD ABE lies drunk for three days at a stretch.

That the Seventh Regiment were mince-meated at Washington.

That General SCOTT has gone over to the other side.

That the Yankee Secessionists have risen in tremendous force and suppressed the Unionists.

That SIMON CAMERON has humbly begged for a sixty day's truce.

That Col. LEE, the traitor, is bombarding Washington from Arlington Heights, and using it up rapidly.

That riot, rum and rapine are roaring madly through our Northern cities.

That the Massachusetts volunteers, consist entirely of "starved paupers," who enlist for the sake of the rations.

That the Seventh Regiment will not fire on Maryland troops.

That North of MASON and DIXON we are all going to the Old Boy as fast as Ruin can carry us.

Every line of the above is literally and faithfully believed at the present instant, all over the entire South. Not by the Common People alone, but Everybody—that is to say, everybody except the politicians who get the rumors up, and head the Movement.

That's a pretty *Credo* to run through. "Lying," said NAPOLEON, "is also a power." Yes—it is the power which set the whole Secession movement to going, which kept it going, which steams it up now—and which will finally ruin it. Such is life! in Dixey.

HIGH ART.

As the careful observer who perambulates our by-ways and sequestered squares will sometimes let his eyes take roost among the skymost branches of the dejected metropolitan tree, he cannot fail to be struck by the progress made in a certain branch of art, since the torch of war has ignited the kerosene with which the lamp of New-York life seems to be somewhat too liberally supplied.

The branch of art to which we refer is, for the most part, immediately connected with the branch of a tree. It possesses the advantage over all other recognized branches of art—that it entirely repudiates nature as a model; and its result is known as the effigy.

A brief review of the works of this class that have lately come within our notice, may be acceptable.

The subject of each one of them, without any exception, has been drawn from the Southern side of MASON and DIXON's line; while the sentiment has, with like impartiality, been wrought out with the assistance of a stoutish hempen line.

One of the most striking of these works viewed by us—for, owing to some faulty arrangement of the Hanging Committee, it struck us with its only boot over the left eye, as we passed in pensive mood—was that executed by Master JULIUS C. TOMPKINS, of the square bearing the latter name. So faithful was this to our preconception, that it needed not the placard upon the cylindrical breast of straw to inform us that it was JEFFERSON DAVIS who swung there before us. It is well known that the President of the Rebel States has never a button to any of his garments; and this fact has been ably seized by Master TOMPKINS, who has basted together the drapery of his subject with twine; while, at the same time, he has obtained a valuable bit of contrast by hanging it upon a Button-wood tree.

In Christopher Street, as you go toward the North River, as well as if you are proceeding in any other direction, there is a small square, of which we do not know the name. That it is a Square is manifest, however, from its essentially triangular form—a feature which appears to be peculiar to the minor squares of New-York. Here there is on exhibition a remarkably fine strawograph of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, Vice President of the Uncertain States. Biographers inform us that the person in question came of poor but honest parents. From the numerous and complicated patches out of which the only garment of this figure—trousers—are fabricated, we see that the parents were poor. Let us hope that they were honest. This piece is from the *camera obscura* or dimly lighted garret-room of the youthful and sprightly BILL DEVINE. But the artist is candid as well as clever, and informs us that the materials were furnished to him by one COLLOPY, a well known *chiffonier*. The figure which, with a fine stroke of satire, hangs bootless from a remarkably rotten-looking branch, weighs only ninety-six pounds—the exact weight of the original, according to many able writers for the public press.

Proceeding on our tour of those air galleries of art, we are induced to go up an alley, which leads into a small open court-yard in the centre of which grows a lone ailanthus tree. Far up in the branches of this tree, a modest artist, whose name we were unable to learn, has executed—by hanging, a truly remarkable work. More finished than either of the other pieces already noticed by us, this figure betrays no outer suggestion of the Southern Secessionist Man of Straw. And yet we know at a glance that it is BEAUREGARD. The tightly buttoned military frock-coat; the impassive pasteboard mask with its drooping black moustache; the impatient jerk of the somewhat shabby patent leather boots, as the figure swings uneasily to the mocking dalliance of the breeze; all these are characteristic of the hot Southern fire-eater of French descent. There is some very bad color in the mask; particularly the florid impasting of the nose, which gives one the idea that a constant State of Beer, instead of the inconstant State of South Carolina, must be the natural or native one of the rebel General. That Hanging Committee again! This work should not have been placed so low down. It should have been hung upon the line—that is, upon the clothes-line that crosses the Court-yard from North to South at the fourth story.

Rent Free.

Philadelphia is a gay place for Virtue, and especially for the Temperance division thereof, as practiced by poor Gardeners and Mechanics. As is proved by the following cheerful and encouraging lyric sent to the Philadelphia *North American:*

> Two three story Brick Houses Rent free,
> None but Tee-totallers need call on me.
> To any poor Gardener or Mechanick
> Who is not afflicted with the panic,
> Call in Barker, near 18th street,
> Where I will be ready Daily to meet.

It is needless to say that this contribution to the cause of Temperance emanates from that distinguished poet, philanthropist and posy provider, T. LOYD, Jr.

Awful Bad Ones.

BY AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

First Bad—Why is WENDELL PHILLIPS like DON JUAN?

Because the latter was a man of one H(a)idee.

Second Bad—Why are the guests at the Slam-bang Hotel like mermaids?

Because at almost any time in the day or night they have an opportunity to mingle their song with the *gong*-dolier's strain.

Third Bad—The first instances of photographic art were unquestionably the fashion plates with which the Magazines were occasionally embellished, even before the alleged discoveries by DAGUERRE, for it cannot be denied that these were the first Toggerytypes.

Police, Attention!

You can always identify a Secession spy by his Sin-astir look.

Things in Preparation for Scouring the Country.

Hot water, "Soap," and Brushes with the enemy.

For Jeff. Davis' Private-Ears.

Noose from the North.

INK ILLÆ LACHRYMÆ.

To such of our readers as are not conversant with the stately language of ancient Rome, it may be interesting to know that the principal pun in this article resides in the word *Ink*, which we have substituted for *Hinc*, in our head-line. The most spirited translation of the words *hinc illæ lachrymæ*, that we know of, is to be found in our own vernacular saying—"which accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut."

It was a brilliant morning in April. The diluculous sun was irradiating with splendor the half-nude clothes-line that flopped listlessly upon the flat roof of No. — Amity Street.

CLARIBEL was watching in the basement. Her face wore an anxious expression, as she pressed convulsively with her curvilinear nose the second middle pane from the bottom of the lower division of the easternmost underground window of the princely mansion, which commanded an unobstructed view of a flower-pot, beyond which lay the lonely street.

Presently the breeze came burdened with the loud blare of brazen bugles from the Washington Parade Ground.

Then the quick, sharp word of command, "Forward! March!" Then the measured tread of armed squadrons debouching, with their right upon the druggist's shop at the corner of Wooster Street and Amity.

As the steel ringing men-at-arms defiled past the house upon the flat roof of which the semi-nude clothes-lines were flopping listlessly at the sun, a young *chasseur* of noble mien sprang from the ranks, and, rushing in a manner regardless of the flower-pot toward the already-mentioned pane in the above-described window, imprinted a glassy kiss upon the lips that pouted immediately beneath the curvilinear nose to which we have already drawn the attention of the reader.

Three paces to the rear and a half-turn to the left, and the young man was again in the ranks; and the ranks made no remarks, but proceeded doggedly on their debouch, as if Love was nobody.

And then from the basement a piercing scream, and the young girl with the curvilinear nose fell fainting upon the mahogany and hair-cloth sofa, making some very artistic casts with the folds of her spring-muslin as she descended.

Her last words were—"O! my RINALDO JOLLYMAN!"

First her fond parents came to her relief: then tears.

O! horror! black is the hour of woe!

As the sad, and possibly saline drops rolled down the pallid cheeks of the young girl, *they traced their headlong*—perhaps we might be justified in saying facelong—*course with inky lines!*

The old gentleman and lady fainted dead away, and were immediately carried up stairs by the strong negro kitchen wench, and put back to bed.

When the family physician came in—as he did, promptly to the convulsive summons of the small brother of the young girl with the curvilinear nose, the first thing he did was to dip the fore-finger of his right hand in one of the inky globules that still continued to follow each other, like rolling stock on the loose, down the smooth cheeks of the afflicted young girl.

Then he tasted his fore-finger: subsequently to which he winked at the statue of Clay which stood upon the mantle-piece; and finally closed that part of the performance by laughing the noiseless, inward laugh of the man who knows what he is about.

"Ho! JACKY, fetch me your sister's work-basket."

The delicate little hamper was produced.

Removing from it with care a silver-winged sewing-bird, two lace p°a°t°t°e frills and some other sanctified *chiffons*, the physician nipped up between his fingers, but without the assistance of his thumb, an oblong slip of paper, which upon examination, was found to fit exactly into a corresponding vacuum in an evening journal of the day before yesterday, that lay crushed and crest-fallen in the fireless grate.

That slip of paper contained the following words:

NEW STYLE OF BEAUTY.—It is said that the *haute volée* of Paris have taken to blackening their under eye-lids. This not only imparts the languishing liquidity of oriental beauty to the eye, but actually endows it with the almond shape so highly prized by the beauty-worshippers of the radiant East. Doubtless our Broadway *belles* will soon follow the example of their brilliant sisters of the gay *boulevards*; in view of which it might be a good thing for GOUPIL and SCHAUS to import a supplementary stock of India ink with their next assortment.

Comment upon the above is unnecessary.

The Artist-Patriots.

The Artists who volunteered lately have since Drawn but one thing—the Sword.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

If there is a man in the Disunited States who merits commiseration, that man is our Honest President. We suppose that a weight of many tons rests continually on his mind and spirits. Unless ABRAHAM'S liver is uncommonly tough, we take it he is about the most bilious individual on the globe, at the present writing. People in general make it a point to snub him. We doubt whether he even pleases himself. Folks from the rural districts feel privileged to call on him and administer reproof, advice, warning, and whatever else they think he wont like. Well, an easy, amiable soul can perhaps manage to stomach it, with the aid of steam-baths, friction, and now and then a gentle aperient. But when they come away as did the Rev. FULLER and his thirty modest and christianized citizens of Baltimore, who had been kindly telling him what he ought to do—and go and lay at his door not only "a sort of rude familiarity," and a sort of swaggering simplicity adapted to the region of the Dismal Swamp, but some fearfully bad jokes besides, why, we think it time to hold up our hand and cry "For shame! FULLER, how could you!"

To illustrate

"As the delegation was leaving, Mr. LINCOLN said to one or two of the young men, I'll tell you a story. You have all heard of the Irishman who, when a fellow was cutting his throat with a blunt razor, complained that he haggled it. Now, if I can't have troops direct through Maryland, and must have them all the way round by water, or marched across out of the way territory, I shall be haggled."

Pshaw! "Old ABE" has done better than that with one hand tied behind. Rev. FULLER, you of course remember that on one occasion certain garments were so white that "no fuller on earth could white them." Now we consider ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S skirts so clean that no FULLER on earth can touch them. Why did you take your impudent and treason-smirched face into the presence of your superior and ruler, and presume to dictate the course he should pursue. And then, you reverend traducer, why did you allow the mean report to which we have alluded, to go out to the world? Baltimore is a fit place for such as you. After doing what you can to ruin ABRAHAM'S reputation as a joker, we suppose you will next insinuate that he is "no Honester than the rest of us"—meaning yourself and your thirty saintly companions. But then FULLER you will fail.

THE YARD-ARM TREE.

I.

O! the trees on the land that grow, that grow,
And the fruits that they produce
Demand to be sung with vigor, I know,
For each of them has its use.
To the oak and the beech much credit is due,
To the birch we have all dropped a tear,
And as for the pine, what teachings divine
To its gum-clogged knots adhere!
But now that treason stalks the shore
And sails upon the main,
The tree that most is worth a toast
From all of loyal grain,
Is the taper Yard-Arm Tree
That grows on a ship in the sea.

II.

Up from the Isthmus we steam, we steam
With treasure in our hold;
Bars and dust that take no rust
And nuggets of yellow gold.
Down on our quarter sweeps a bark
Flaunting the Cotton Flag;
A rebel bark, with a letter of marque
And they strive to get our swag.
But they reckoned without our skipper brave,
And grand it was to see
The bloated Cotton blossoms wave
Upon our yard-arm tree:
So here's to the Yard-Arm Tree
That grows on a ship in the sea!

Saying a Great Deal.

The recent patriotic demonstration of BARNUM, (PHINEAS T.) on the side of the Union Shows, says SPIFFLEKNICKER, that, like HAMLET, he has "that within which passeth Show."

And No Mistake.

By the braggart proposition recently made "on behalf of 10,000 South Carolina volunteers" by one of their number, to the effect that the whole militia force of Massachusetts should go down and meet them—the 10,000 aforesaid—in battle array, we infer that the rebels are "on pins," as the saying is, to have a fight with us. It is almost needless to say that when the fight does come they will be Knocked Off their Pins precious quick.

Musical and Military.

A musical critic asserts that there is more Fire in VERDI'S "*Un Ballo in Maschera*" than in all his musical operas together. Perhaps the critic was thinking of a Masked Battery instead of a Masked Ball when he talked about Fire.

On the Parade.

"Dress up, there, dress up!" shouted the drill sergeant to a squad of likely looking recruits.

"Couldn't dew it, sir!" returned one of the boys—"Euniforms ain't furnished yet!"

An Old One Reformed.

Although the cloths used for the Sixth Regiment Massachusetts troops may not run Uniform in color, yet we think the uniform and colors will not be apt to run, after passing through the Blood-tubs of Baltimore.

Con: for the Fathers.

Why is Marriage like a fat municipal job?

Because The Ring fixes it!

LA VIVANDIERE.

Ould Oirish Lady—"IS IT HERE THEY INLIST? SURE AN YE MAY PIT ME DOWN."

Orderly—"BUT MY GOOD WOMAN WE DON'T TAKE FEMALE SOLDIERS."

O. L.—"OCH, GO WAY WID YEES, SURE IT'S FOR A FILL DE RIGIMINT THAT I'LL INLIST AND SELL WHISKEY TO THE BYS."

THE SITUATION.

As VANITY FAIR sees it. And a very peculiar situation it is.

There's the *Tribune* to begin with. HORACE GREELEY nominated LINCOLN and expected to have his hands and hat full of loaves and fishes. Didn't get everything, however, and so turned on SEWARD who had the inside track, and, in popular parlance, gave him fits. General verdict, Served him Right. All of which did not excuse the desperate effort to break up "the party," by the *Tribune*, and its ferocious insubordination.

The *Times*, yes, the *Times*, expected everything too, and got just nothing at all—which was rather hard on the *Times*, Uncle ABRA'M—for RAYMOND deserved something, you know, and you didn't give him so much as a mouldy biscuit or the tail of a red herring out of the loaves and fishes. Gay fare that for the ravenous throat of a New-York politician. *Wherefore* the *Times* does not "see" Mr. LINCOLN—nay—it roars for Supercession, flouts the President for not being more than NAPOLEON in the greatest emergency in history, wants everything done in five minutes, and is making trouble and mutiny on a most extensive scale. Doing some good, however, all the while, by savagely suggesting many essential points of reform, and scoring Red Tape keenly.

There's WEBB again, of the *Courier and Enquirer*. General WEBB was one of the Great Disappointed—felt like a hungry bear with a sore head—and yet was afraid to pitch into the Administration—after turning up his nose at Turkey. It must come out, though—and so the General pitched into ANDERSON—and ate dirt afterwards.

Finally, there's the *World*.

The *World*—according to RAYMOND, expects something, and is bidding for SEWARD'S patronage, and is well known to have one or two strong cabinet ties to the President. Therefore the *World* thinks the others very naughty and wicked to act as they do. Very unpatriotic, and aggravating and treasonable. Very irreligious, very unworthy, in fact, of receiving Government pap—or individual advertising.

When the Romans, in the last great day of destruction, waged war on Jerusalem, different chiefs of factions quarrelled and fought to the death within, while the foe were catapulting and batter-ramming the walls without.

Such is life. These be thy gods, O, Jerusalem!

Which confirms the frequently expressed opinion of VANITY FAIR, that our politicians are a nice lot. Very nice, and highly qualified to take charge of the destinies of a great nation.

BEAUREGARD.

In philologic vein,
The thought came to my brain,
That *Beau Regard*, in France,
Means a "good countenance."

And then I tried, but missed,
To give the thing a twist;
Some joke to interlard
On General BEAUREGARD.

At last, this quip I wrought
Out of the merry thought:
How BEAUREGARD was chosen
To lead the Union's foes on.

That Carolina's shame
For her disloyal game,
Might—in slang phrase—have "Gone it
With a good face upon it."

An Exceptional Case.

A laugh is generally contagious. The gay smile of jocundity exacts from the beholder a reciprocal dulcification of features: but the expression of a thirty-two pound cannon, as it grins at a person through a port-hole, is productive of sensations the reverse of hilarious.

A OAD.

ILLUSTHERATIVE OF THE RAYUT SAIGE.

BY AN OYE-WITNESS.

I sacred 9,
e nymphs divine,
Benignantly bestow regyard,
That I may sing
Wid chuneful sthring
The brilliant ax of Beauregyard.
Wid Northern moight
In famous foight
I saw our gallant fellows cope;
Mesclf was there,
An from the rayre
Oi oyed thim thru a teleescope.

The Prisidint,
Jif Davis—wint

Where Charleston's wathers wandhers on,
The fort he sawr,
And raved and swore
And vowed the fall of Anderson.
Wid bristlin baird
That same prepared
To rush the Northern brood among,
And sweep them hay-
Thins all away
In one schupindous *coup de main*.

Bowld Beauregard
Was swearin hard,
And mustherin every bom, he had,
His sword he dhru,
His pistol too,
An mounted his Columbia.
His valiant face
Gave ample trace
Of all the fairful harm he'd waht
When he should close
Upon his foes
Wid all his goiant armament.

The Gineral screwed
Our fortichude
Wid whisky an wid flatther,
He scanned our ranks,
He oyed our flanks,
And scrutinoized our batthery.
In spaichless awer
The City sawr
Unindin future glory hers,
For fifty min
Wud shure give in
Till twinty thousand warriors.

Then rose in moight
This wondherous foight
Around the walls of Sumter there
The trumpets clanged,
The cannons banged,
The cannon balls they bumped her there,
The volleys poured,
The mortars roared,
The sheets of flame surrounded it,
And monsther guns
That weighed tin tuns,
From all directions pounded it.

Wid throbbin brist
And doubled fist
I sot wid wild emotions there;
I saw the foe
Repel the blow,
An scatther back explosions there;
The foiry rain
Came down amain,
The batthery fallin nasty on
Till all our groups
Of valiant troops
Crep in behoind the bastion.

Amid the roons
Our bowled platchoons
Reserved thimselves judiciously,
At intervals
They oyed the walls
Of Sumter surreptitiously.
So friends and foes
Exchanged their blows
And sthroive till shake and shatter all;
And this desoign,
I do opine,
Is nothing more than natural.

This murdherin war
At length was o'er,
Wid all its martial rivilry;
The fifty min
At last gave in
Till Carolina's chivalry.
Wid kindlin oye
I did descroy
The joyous sthrain that sounded there.
An wid relaife
I heard our chafe
Remark that none were wounded there.

I heard the croy
Of Victoroy,
I saw the foe absquatulate;
The Southern force
I praise of course,
An cordially congratulate.
For Caroline
A wraith I'll twoine,
Of names that stirs and quickens us,
In all that same,
There's not a name
Of nobler sound thin Pickens's.

GOLIAH O'GAHAGHAN,
Bombardier to the Confedherate Artillery.

A BAS SANDFORD.

That fussy old fogy, Gen. SANDFORD, is at it again. For nothing else in the world but for the sake of showing his "little brief authority" he attempted to stop, last week, some two or three hundred brave fellows from marching off to fight the Southern rebels. Just as the regiment of our gallant fire-laddies was on the point of departure, down came an order from fogy SANDFORD to stop. Fogy objected to the departure of the regiment, it seems, because there were more than 770 men in it. To the patriotic mind this overplus would indicate rather a commendable spirit in our firemen than otherwise. But Fogy, who prefers quibbling to patriotism any day, didn't think so. Hence his veto. Col. ELLSWORTH was, of course, crippled by this order from his superior officer. A Committee of Gentlemen, with the intention of getting him out of his hobble, waited upon Gen. SANDFORD, and expostulated with that military fossil. But it was of no avail. Fossil wouldn't budge. The Committee, then, in despair, went to Gen. WOOL, who, upon the case being represented to him, did as any other sensible General would have done, and the Firemen Zouaves, after a delay of several hours, were at length permitted to depart for Annapolis.

Won't somebody squelch SANDFORD, please, and so confer a boon upon the community?

A SUSPICIOUS CRAFT

SHORT (*authoritatively*) —"LOOK-A-HERE, OLE FELLER, YER BETTER SHOW YER CULLERS ONTO THAT CRAFT, EF YER DON'T WANT TER GIT KICKED IN THE NECK."

BOW-WOW!

It has long been a favorite theory with Primary Readers, JOHN B. GOUGH, the Sons of Temperance, *et alii*, that man is the only animal so utterly debased as to drink whiskey.

Read this from the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and see how sadly the good people have been mistaken:

LOST —A Scotch Terrier, on Sunday afternoon answers to the name of "Punch," ears and tail cut, yellow head and feet, with dark grey body. Whoever will return him to the east corner of Remsen and Henry streets, will receive a suitable reward.

There! Voila! Behold! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon, (you may in VANITY) in this enlightened ninteenth century, in the City of Churches, and the home of the Young Men's Christian Association, a Scotch Terrier, not an ordinary, irreligious, stump-tailed cur, mind you, but a regular orthodox, Presbyterian, Scotch Terrier, a Terrier from the land o' cakes, one that no doubt can howl the dogs-ology as well as any other Scotchman, answers on Sunday, aye, on Sunday, perhaps even while BARTLETT's church-bells are ringing, to the vile name of PUNCH!

Think of it, Babes of the Covenant, and Cold Water men! Think of it, Men of the League! And you, oh, J. B. G-GO—UGH! How must the children of the devil triumph! No longer may you shame ungodly suckers with scurvy comparisons between themselves and the canine race. No longer may you declare that dogs won't drink—here is one who won't come to his master of a Lord's day, in the afternoon, unless he is called *Punch*!!

Here, Punch! Punch! Punch!

What liquid title must charm his ears on week-days we know not. On Monday he is perhaps addressed by the seductive words, Gin Cocktail; on Tuesday, as Tom and Jerry; on Wednesday, as Brandy Sling, and so on. Or, the names of the various ingredients which go to make up the delicious compound yclept Punch may perhaps be applied to the Scotch on the unholy days of the week, it being reserved for the Sabbath to mingle them all into one triumphant beverage. Then, perchance, is the Terrier on Monday fondly addressed with the magic dissyllable, Whiskey, on Tuesday with the dulcet polysyllable, Sugar, on Wednesday, with the cooling, aromatic trochee, Lemon, and in like manner through the week.

Be that as it may, the dog's whiskey proclivities on the Sabbath afternoon are decided.

Bow-wow! Punch! here Punch!

ABLE AND ELOQUENT.

We have been a constant, and we may say an admiring peruser of Southern papers for many years, and have observed that the speeches of Southrons are invariably reported as "able and eloquent." Ability and eloquence are not, as the ignorant reader might suppose, confined to the populous towns. By no means. They abound in all the straggling hamlets, and whenever a barn or the devil is raised, somebody makes "an able and eloquent speech." The chivalry take to eloquence as naturally as they do to rum, or stealing Government property.

The captain of a steam-tug was hanged the other day at Mobile for mildly stating that he had assisted in carrying provisions to the U. S. troops at Pensacola. "The enraged citizens," the *Advertiser* informs us, "strung him up, after which Colonel MCSHANE made an able and eloquent speech, and was followed by other gentlemen." Hoping and believing that other gentlemen will shortly *follow* the murdered steam-tug captain, only they will have the advantage of being hanged by decent men, we pass to the next able and eloquent demonstration, which occurred at City Point, Virginia, one day last week. A party of incipient pirates from Richmond, learning that a one-horse shingle sloop, from Maine, was lying at the City Point wharf, proceeded thither and captured her. They met with no resistance of course, as the crew consisted of only half-a-dozen men and boys, while the pirates numbered full fifty persons, all armed to the teeth. Col. BROCKETT directed this perilous expedition, and of course BROCKETT made a speech. We quote from the Richmond *Dispatch*:

"Col. BROCKETT drew up his command in line, and marched aboard the vessel, and on making known his intentions to the captain, *expressed himself in an eloquent and feeling speech, which drew tears to the eyes of nearly all the brave hearts around him.*"

Immense BROCKETT! Sweet tears! Brave Virginia!

Now with due respect to *other* volunteer regiments, who insist on going through Baltimore, VANITY FAIR'S route is most decidedly through Richmond; and if any attempt is made to impede our onward march, believe us, there'll very soon be no Richmond in the field.

Virginia, you bad mother of good Presidents, we bid you a welcome adieu! Don't try to embrace us. Our character is above reproach. Touch us not.

SCOT FREE.

There is a terrible howling from the *Inferno* of JEFF DAVIS and Company, over the defection of WINFIELD SCOTT. The Pelicans have made themselves peculiarly mad, after their own absurd style, at having allowed themselves to be sold by the report that our brave old General had resigned his post in the army, to fall into the arms of traitors. The *Picayune* of New Orleans—a very picayune sort of paper—praised SCOTT when he was suffered to be SCOTT bound; but blackguarded him the next day, when the report of his Southern affiliation was contradicted and it was fully proved that he was still SCOTT Free.

But if our glorious old Commander is still SCOTT free, don't let it be understood that the traitors are to go likewise. Not any! String them up, and let WINFIELD Win the Field with the help of strong Northern arms and their great Northern heart that throbs with the steady pulse of patriotic fervor.

String them up—pay 'em SCOTT and LOT—*in more Scotorum*! Scotch the vipers—give them lots of rope—make 'em hop Scotch—and Miss HARRY PRESCOTT shall write their epitaphs.

In secula sæculorum. Amen!

Crusty Criticism.

That was a severe thing got off by the Art-gossip man of the *Herald*, the other day. Talking of that charming piece of larder life, lately exhibited by our friend LEMONIELLO, he said that he thought the Pie in it had rather a Pasty look.

No Confidence in Our Leaders.

So says our pious neighbor of the *World*. Quite so. The public never did have any confidence in your Leaders, dear old *World*. Never has, you know, in Good People.

The Cockney Brick-Carrier's Cry.

"Wot's the 'Ods, so long as you're 'appy?"

EMINENT MUSICIAN TO FRIEND.

"CHARLEY THEY SAY ALL THE ORGAN GRINDERS ARE FORMING A REGIMENT TO GO TO WASHINGTON—ALL THEIR PLACES VACANT! ISN'T THAT A FINE CHANCE FOR US?"

More Truth than Joke about This.

J. DAVIS is perhaps mad enough to think about capturing the North Pole, but he must annihilate the Poles of the North before he can do it. Room for the Polish Legion of New-York!

Bitter Irony.

Iron in the blood is said to be conducive to health. If this is true, won't the Baltimore rowdies convalesce, extensively, whenever the Massachusetts boys come across them?

The "Tortures" of War.

X. thinks the military men are sharp, commercially speaking He hears of nothing now but High Commissioners, Close Operations and men and supplies Thrown In.

Used to it.

Our Firemen Zeo-zoos will be invaluable men in a severe action——they are so well accustomed to working under a Hot Fire!

Admonition to the South by Our French Contributor.

Vous avez Beau regarder au nord—nous Sommes D'avis unis pour vous pendre.

A Scrape into which our Brave Women seem quite anxious to Rush.

Scraping Lint for the "bold soldier boys" who have gone to the War.

By Our Judicial Joker.

To what decision must the South soon come?

To Dread SCOTT.

Dyer Necessity.

Red Hair and Gray.

THE DOWNFALL OF GENTILITY.

One of the saddest features of the "fratricidal conflict" into which we have been "drifted," is the terrible depreciation of the character of a Gentleman.

Time was, when the phrase "upon the honor of a gentleman" invariably produced instant conviction . . . or a fight. Now, *nous avons changé tout cela.*

"A gentleman," says the *Herald*, "who has just left Richmond, informs us that there are fifteen thousand troops there, awaiting Gen BEAUREGARD's arrival, to march upon Washington."

"We have it upon the authority of a private letter from a gentleman in Charleston," says the *Tribune*, "that Gen. BEAUREGARD is collecting his forces there, preparatory to investing Fort Pickens."

"A gentleman from Pensacola," says the *Times*, "tells us that he knows Gen. BEAUREGARD to be in the neighborhood of Washington, reconnoitering.

"Last night," says the *Evening Post*, "a Gentleman from Virginia informed one of our reporters that he left Richmond day before yesterday. Everything was quiet, and no troops were assembled in the city."

"We have it," says the *Express*, "on the authority of a Gentleman recently from the South, that Gen. BEAUREGARD is still intending the repairs at Fort Sumter, and has no idea of leaving Charleston."

"General BEAUREGARD," says the *Daily News*, "is in Montgomery, conferring with DAVIS. Our informant is a Gentleman who met him there in the streets, and talked with him."

Now then, who shall decide when Gentlemen disagree? We cannot believe that ubiquity is one of Gen. BEAUREGARD's attributes. Then the natural inference is that Gentlemen will tell lies, and we hold ourself ready to give all these communicative individuals the satisfaction due to a Gentleman.

Latest and Most Authentic.

JEFF DAVIS DEFINES HIS OWN POSITION.

[*By Special Despatch via Richmond.*]

In our desire to settle the conflicting rumors as to the movements of JEFFERSON DAVIS, we sent a Special Messenger to Richmond—thoroughly Disguised (so as to escape notice. The following dispatch is just received from him, and may be implicitly relied on:

"*Richmond, May* 6.

DEAR V. F.—I have just seen a private telegram *from* JEFF DAVIS *himself* to a prominent military citizen of this place. It is as follows:

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, May, 1861.

DEAR SIR:—I am nowhere in particular at present, and may be obliged to remain there for some time. Expect me, however, in Richmond, as soon as I arrive. Yours Respectfully,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.'"

[It is scarcely necessary to add that this is conclusive. Eds. V. F.]

"Poor Richard" Redivivus.

A Southern journal says that all the planters are educated to fight, and that "they love the whistle of bullets." Isn't the South paying rather dear for the Whistle?

The Best Campaign Paper.

Cartridge-paper.

A good Plug to stick into the mouth of a Cannon.

The Plug-ugly.

PROPOSED MEETING OF EX-PRESIDENTS.

VAN BUREN.—"I THINK I SHOULD PRESIDE AT THIS MEETING, FOR I LAID THE FOUNDATION OF THIS TREASON BY SPLITTING THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY ON THE BUFFALO PLATFORM."

PIERCE.—"I THINK I DESERVE ESPECIAL CONSIDERATION, FOR I PUT JEFF DAVIS IN MY CABINET AS SECRETARY OF WAR, AFTER HE HAD BEEN REJECTED BY THE PEOPLE OF MISSISSIPPI FOR HIS DISUNION SENTIMENTS."

BUCHANAN.—"GOD KNOWS I SHOULD HAVE PRECEDENCE, FOR WITH FLOYD AND THE REST OF MY CABINET I BROUGHT ABOUT THE PRESENT REBELLION."

JOHN TYLER.—"I DESERVE THE FIRST PLACE, FOR I AM IDENTIFIED WITH THE TRAITORS AS OPENLY WORKING FOR THE DISRUPTION OF THE UNION."

FILLMORE.—"AS POSITIVE COUNCILS ARE NOW ONLY AVAILABLE, AND AS I AM NOT IN THAT LINE, I'LL LEAVE."

THE ERL KING.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Who's that trots so fast in the night and the wind?
It's the father; he's got his young one on behind.
He hugs him up tight, grabs hold of his arm,
And just before he started, he tied a bran new woollen comforter around his neck, which together with two overcoats he had on, ought to keep him pretty respectablywarm.

"What are you scared of, my son, why put down your face!"
"'Cause the Erl-King's a coming at a jolloping pace;
He's brought along with him his crown and his train."
"Stop your noise, you darned little scarecrow, 'taint nothin' but some streaky mist, and, come to think of it, it looks as though we might have, some time or other, if not sooner, a smart shower of rain.

"Come along, little boy, come along with me,
For billiards and bluff, and such, I'll play with thee;
Roses, poppies, &c. grow up in the sand,
And mother's got lots of gold dresses and silver dresses, and she'll give you some if you'll ask her; and you can wear your Sunday clothes every day as well as any in the land."

"O! father, O! father, and do you not hear
Nothin' at all that he says in my ear?"
"Hold your tongue, you drotted young fool, and keep holding it, too,
It's nothin' but a N. E. by S. W. wind that's rustling the leaves and dead branches—and there ain't no such a thing as a Erl-King; if there was, he wouldn't speak to you."

"Come, charming boy, come along with me,
I have stunning pretty daughters for to wait upon thee;
My lovely girls will dance and sing
All night long, and they'll dance you to sleep, or sing you to sleep, or rock you to sleep, or mesmerize you, or give you laudanum, or show you the elephant, just as you like, and they're very accomplished in everything."

"Look right over there, pop, don't you see
The Erl-King's daughters behind a tree?"
"No, no, you boy? but I know which you mean,
You're only looking at the willow leaves and the poplar leaves that always look, before a storm, gray on one side and white on the other, and when it ain't going to storm, look white on one side and gray on the other, besides the "murmuring hems and the pinelocks," and the waving dandelions, and numerous other shrubs and currant bushes that grow around in spots all through the forest green."

"Your form is of fine cast, your face is, of Course,
If you don't want to come, I'll take you by force."
"O! father, O! father, he's been a pulling my hair,
Or he's stunded me, or blinded me, or stuck a pin into me, or something, and perhaps both, and he's hurt me like thunder, and I'll bring him before the Police Court and have him fined five dollars, I swear."

The father heaves sighs and sets his horse flying,
With the boy in his arms, a bawling and crying;
He reached the Court-house in less than no time,
But he didn't ride fast enough, for when he got there, he found the boy was dead—and after giving orders for a second-hand coffin, and putting some weeds on his hat, he sat down on the door-step and wept; and like Rachel, the French tragic woman, mourning for her children—refused to be comforted because he was not—anywhere about the house to do up the chores and things; and indeed it was sad that he should die at the age of 12, only twenty or thirty years before his prime.

Right—Although Not to a T.

On the door-post of a shoemaker's shop in the Bowery, the following announcement is to be seen:

"Volunteers Fited Out at Short Notice."

Pronounced as it is spelt, this line reads thus:

Volunteers Fight it Out at Short Notice.

Take it which way you will, then, the announcement is creditable to the parties concerned—to the shoemaker, if it has reference to a Fit, and to the volunteers if it has reference to a Fight.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

SMITH'S ISLAND, DELAWARE RIVER, OPPOSITE NEW JERSEY, April 26th, 1861.

To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln:

My Dear Sir.—You are aware that I have, for months, been using my best efforts to preserve the peace of the country. In spite, however, of my efforts, and your efforts, and the efforts of the whole people of Smith's Island, War is upon us. My apprehensions, often expressed to you, are realized. Civil war with all its prurient proclivities, is now raging in Baltimore.

I will, therefore, take the liberty to suggest, that General Scott be directed to establish his headquarters upon Smith's Island. You remember that it is only a part of the Delaware that separates Smith's Island from the Slave States.

If you should see fit to call upon me for any aid that I can render, it is freely tendered. I am ready to do all I can to maintain our own rights and to preserve peace.

I will hoist the Star-spangled Banner at Hammer-Hall, the former residence of John Smith Sr., a linear descendant of the ancient and honorable Smith family. That flag which, when a boy, I nailed to the mast of an oyster-sloop—that flag whose honor cost me many a personal combat in Moyamensing, and at the Five Points—that flag which I hoisted for the Shiffler Hose and carried through the District of Southwark—that *identical* flag which I bore across in a Camden ferry-boat and hoisted in triumph at the Railroad station—that flag which the *immortal Washington, in the name of our Country,* our whole country, *planted on the ramparts of Liberty!*

Permit me to add, that I am glad you did not say anything about *Coercion* in your proclamation.

Faithfully yours, John Smith.

(We are sorry to be obliged after a careful comparison, to assert that the above letter, however excellent its sentiments, is a flagrant and almost literal *plagiarism* from a letter published some time since, by a distinguished Commodore, in a neighboring State. Ed.)

A Sorry Compliment.

The *Herald* states that our Capitol at Washington, notwithstanding the presence of the Seventh Regiment within its sacred precincts, presents "as orderly an appearance as during a session of Congress."

We have yet to learn that the members of the Seventh Regiment are in the habit of indulging in coarse language toward each other, of drawing knives and pistols upon each other, of coming stealthily behind each other, and Brooksing each other with the butt-ends of loaded whips.

And yet, all such things, and worse, have taken place, from time to time, "during a session of Congress."

We think that the *Herald* owes an apology to the Seventh Regiment.

Hurrah for Blunt!

In the Board of Supervisors last week, Orison Blunt, of the Fifteenth Ward, offered a resolution (afterwards unanimously carried) to the effect that all clerks and others holding office under the city Government, who volunteer to aid in the suppression of rebellion, should have their salaries continued during their absence. This is an occasion, V. F. thinks, when the significance of the word "blunt" should be closely defined. When, therefore, we say "Down with the Blunt!" we wish it to be understood that we are addressing ourselves to the City Treasurer. But when, like good Christians, we Pay our Orison and cry "Let Blunt be exalted!" we mean the judicious Supervisor, and nobody else.

The Flag Mania.

What it Will Come to!

(Scene—Broadway.)

Enthusiastic Patriot *(to another man)*—Have you such a thing as the Star Spangled Banner on your person.

The Other Man—No, I have not.

Enthusiastic Patriot—Ha! then thou diest!!! *(Stabs him. and walks quietly away. Policemen appear and remove the corpse.*

"The Worm i' the Bud" Just Now.

The Red Tape Worm.

ALL ABROAD!

O the Editor of Vanity Fair:—I am an old school advertiser. I *scorn* the modern clap-trap method of calling the public attention. I have no wonderful secret to communicate in return for a postage stamp. For *Me* the sands of life are by no means nearly run out, and if they were I would not boast of it. *I* never condescend to startle the public by proclaiming FORT SUMTER would NOT have ALLEN! if Government had used JAMES PYLE'S Dietetic Saleratus. No sir! I leave these methods to those who *need* them and to those who read them—*I* do neither.

And now, sir, as I wish to call the attention of the public through the columns of your paper—and do not wish to deceive any one, I wish you would give all fair warning that THIS IS AN ADVERTISEMENT.

A Puff.

And all who do not wish to read it, shall not be compelled or wheedled into it.

THE SUBSCRIBER takes pleasure in informing the public that he has opened an Establishment where Foreign Tours can be enjoyed in a short time, and for a merely nominal price. Those who are unable, by reason of want of time, to go abroad, can here, for a paltry sum, visit any spot in the known world and be back in time for the next morning's business.

Tariff of Prices.

Two weeks in Paris	$5.00
Ten days in and about Naples	3 00
A month in Japan	3.50
A moonlight evening in the Coliseum	.75
A tiger fight in India	2.75
A Pedestrian tour in England	1.25
Arctic Expedition, with dogs, sledges, &c.	2.50
A trip in the Southern States	.50
(tar and feather extra.)	
Voyage around Cape Horn	1.50

Others are being prepared, and will soon be ready.

Rooms for Ladies' use are also in preparation.

☞ The process not yet being patented, the subscriber is willing to disclose his method, only to the following extent—that it is founded upon a judicious union of Indigestion, Somnambulism, and Stereoscopes.

Call early! Call often! Professor PERIWINKLE, N. E. 249th St. N. Y.

Now, sirs, as I should be happy at any time to see and entertain, free of charge, the Editors of VANITY FAIR, allow me a little detail. Imagine yourself at my building. You ring. A servant appears. You are invited in with that politeness which marks the cosmopolitan character of my establishment. You are ushered into a handsome parlor. My agent greets you with a pleasant smile, and asks—"Where will you travel this evening, sir?" You ask what we can furnish. The reply may be—"A trip to the East Indies, sir—a pleasant run across the Atlantic in the Great Eastern—an Arctic Expedition—a week in France—and a descent into Vesuvius." It may be, you choose (it is generally the choice of the more refined)—a week in Paris. You are immediately furnished with a stereoscope and numerous first class stereograms of Parisian architectural and scenic beauties. With these you employ yourself delightfully, receiving meanwhile explanations of the highest order from a pure Parisian attaché of the establishment. When you are sated with these views, a waiter brings you up a highly seasoned salad, and one or two cold hard-boiled eggs. You partake heartily, and from time to time glance through the stereoscope, while the explanations which before were given in the English language, are now clothed in the French—not so much to edify you as to leave a French impression on the mind. When your repast is finished, you are led up stairs to a large sleeping room, where, upon couches ranged regularly along the wall, lie many happy travellers. One, perhaps, is plunging into the wilds of South America. Another is climbing the rugged heights of the Alps. A third is digging eagerly in the yellow soil of California. And another still, examining the beauties of classic Greece. Skillful servants wander amongst them, here, hissing like an anaconda in the ear of the Amazon explorer; there, rocking the couch of a voyager and sprinkling his face with brine, and there reading an ode of ANACREON to our slumbering classic friend. You lie down upon the couch marked "France"—so marked that the servant may not mistake your destination and give you wrong attentions. A glass of Burgundy or absinthe, containing a strong preparation of Hashish, and you are on the way to *la belle France*. Soon the palaces, and bridges, and streets, and triumphal arches of Paris rise before you. Fascinated, you wander on the Boulevards. You touch your hat to the Empress as she rolls by, you visit the Royal Saloons, you roam through the streets, and see the magnificent fountains and statues. Frenchmen are on all sides; they swarm about you. Elegant equipages thunder by. Magnificent ladies glide past. All is France, France, France. Willingly would you stay a year in such an enchanting place, but soon, alas, your time expires—the inexorable attendant awakens you. Your delightful journey has ended.

However tempted I may be to argue that the production of such an effect from so limited and insignificant materials evidences true genius—*modesty* forbids me to yield, still you would be astonished at the simplicity of the method by which the illusion is kept up. We burn a match or two under the nose of a Vesuvian explorer; thrust a few pins into our friend on the Mosquito Coast, put a bottle of ice-water at the feet of the Arctic explorer, rubbing his nose with lamp oil also—and soaking a New York *Observer* in whiskey, lay it over the head of the tourist in the Southern States. We have put down the price of this last trip to a very low figure, because so few undertake it now-a-days, and hence, as you will see in our list of prices, we are obliged to charge extra for tar and feathers when they are ordered, as they should be to do justice to the subject.

But I will not trespass upon your columns. Our business, though but a new one, is well established, and we hope soon to do away altogether with the foolish loss of time and treasure which so many undergo for the pleasure of a FOREIGN TOUR.

Highly Important from Harrisburg.

Among a variety of equally startling telegrams in the daily papers of last week we found the following from Harrisburg:

Mr. EATON editor of the Pittsburg *Journal*, reports that CHARLES A. PERKINS, and an ex-sheriff of Oswego county, New-York, came in a stage from Washington to Frederick.

We are at a loss whom to most admire, Mr. EATON, Mr. PERKINS, the ex-sheriff, or the stage. Much credit is also due the Pittsburg *Journal* for having an editor named EATON. All are evidently equal to the crisis, including the stage.

Con: on Matelot.

Why are insecure Fortifications like Handspikes and Plug Tobacco?

Because they're apt to be carried by A Salt!

The most Fearful Plots yet.

The Grass Plots in City Hall Park.

Motto for Hibernian Non-combatants.

No Thrust!

A "Piping Swain."

A Boatswain.

A Palette-able Joke.

"CHURCH kept himself very much to himself, all the time he was painting those great Ice-bergs," remarked CHROMIELLO to MADDERVILLE, as they were hard at work, coloring their meerschaums, a few days ago.

"Yes," said MADDERVILLE, with his usual quickness of wit; "but he must have been more Ice-clated still, when he had finished them, though."

Opinion of a Volunteer.

As every other man in the South is a "Colonel" or a "Major," all will probably want to Lead. Let the bold Southrons wait, however, till they meet the Yankee boys, when they will probably get Lead enough, in all conscience!

That Loan Again.

The latest advices concerning the Southern Confederacy Loan, state that a portion has been taken by the Charleston banks, another by the New Orleans banks, and the balance will be taken by the Faro banks.

A High Old Corps.

A company of infantry, it is said, is now organizing in Illinois, composed of men not under six feet two in height. Its members may be called Men of Large Miens.

An Elastic Spirit.

"Here I am in my Spring clothes!" as the Zoo-zoo said when he vaulted over the railings into Washington Park.

A DOLLAROUS COMPLAINT.

First Thief—I SAY HIKEY—THE PURFESSION'S RUINED. THEM DOLLAR JEWELRY SHOPS ROBS THE PEOPLE AND HUS TOO—HOUT AN HOUT!

WOE TO THE TRAITOR!

We are humane. We are loth to advocate cruel, or unsanctioned modes of warfare. The arms of civilized nations should never be sullied by unnecessary havoc. But in the sacred cause of National Honor we are prepared to employ against traitors means as effective as they are terrible!

Let the Southron beware!!

If our Patriotism be outraged—our forbearance abused. If other and milder means should fail. Then shall the slumbering Lion be roused within us, and we will scatter, exterminate, devastate, destroy, and dement the entire South! We will blot it (the South) from off the List of Nations! It (the South) shall be ranked among the Things that Were! It (the South) shall be overwhelmed with a ruin more dire than the Fate of Tyre and of Sidon!

We will:—

Incite servile insurrections? Worse!

Undermine the entire South with ten million tons of gunpowder and blow up the whole population? Worse!! Send a body of Newly Graduated Clergymen to preach their first and longest sermons? Worse!!!

We will—the blood curdles at the horror of the thought, and Human Nature shrinks appalled before the magnitude of the scheme of destruction—we will organ-ize a Regiment—a Brigade—an army—of Organ-Grinders with their Instruments of Torture, and, starting from Mason and Dixon's Line, we will sweep the routed Confederate forces to the extremes of Patagonia!

Such our Plan. No defences could withstand it. As Leader of such an expedition, our own life would be the first sacrifice, but we are ready to die for our Country!

Owns Up at Last.

In a *Herald* editorial, the other day, was this significant sentence:

"We change here in a single day.'

Open confession is good for the soul, they say.

"Southern Rights."

Funeral Rites.

Unpatriotic—Very!

The *Leader*, in its issue for last week, made the following remark at the head of one of its editorials:

"The broad foot of the white man is moving rapidly toward the South."

We would respectfully intimate to Mr. CLANCY that this sort of thing won't do. It isn't a proper time when all our brave fellows are rushing off to fight for their country to allude to the size of their feet.

A Hoister on the Shell.

One of the correspondents of a daily journal, talking about the *physique* of the Baltimore Plug-Uglies, says—"Take almost any two of these atrocious-looking ruffians, and you will observe that they are as like one another as two peas."

Very well, then. Let us treat them as we do peas—Shell them.

Cons.

When does a ship's cargo become real estate?
When it is unloaded.
Why?
Because it is *landed* property.

Why are ladies like friction?
Because they *wear* hoops.

The French for Plug-Ugly.

If Baltimore, as people reckon, is
Of Maryland the chief metropolis,
Then her Plug-Ugly—a child she cannot disown,
Is certainly her chief metro-*polisson*.

Motto for Col. Pleasanton's Home Guards in Philadelphia.

BY ONE OF 'EM.

Our Ways are Ways of Pleasanton, and all our Paths are Peace